Pillow fights and other abuses of angelic power.
PG, Gabriel/Sam/Dean/Castiel, Waking up is hard to do, unless there's a bored archangel in bed with you.

[ficlet] Pillow fights and other abuses of angelic power.

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Title: Pillow fights and other abuses of angelic power.
Fandom: Supernatural.
Rating: PG.
Warnings: None - well, one kiss, but that's not a warning, is it?
Pairings/Characters: Castiel/Dean/Gabriel/Sam.
Word Count: 644 words.
Summary: Waking up is hard to do, unless there's a bored archangel in bed with you.

Note: This is the fourth of my Christmas gift fics, and this one is a specific gift for **pandionpandeus**, who wanted fluffy OT4 fic. :D

It's silly unashamed fluffy fic, and assumes that they're already established relationship-wise.

Gabriel's tabloid of choice varies with the headlines, but he's always been fond of the ridiculous stories involving aliens or Elvis or worse, and so that's what he's reading while Sam snores into the pillow next to him.

Gabriel's not a bad bed-companion per-se, but an easily bored archangel that doesn't need to sleep has led to Dean waking up with funny hair more than once. And so that's why Castiel has learned to play a large variety of games that can be played without waking the Winchesters.

"Castiel," Gabriel says as Dean rolls over in his sleep, flopping an arm across Gabriel's stomach. "Entertain me." He drops his tabloid and it vanishes into thin air.

Castiel is a patient and loving brother. He simply looks at Gabriel from where he is sitting on the other side of Sam and tilts his head.

"What game would you like to play tonight, Gabriel?" He asks. Gabriel has already worked some mojo so that they can speak without waking their Winchesters, and so Castiel is clearly audible.

"That's not what I said," Gabriel says, and if there's a whine in his voice he doesn't care. "I said entertain me."

Castiel gives him a level stare before leaning over and running a finger along the back of Sam's knee. It's a feather-light touch that makes Sam giggle in his sleep and jerk forward.

"This is an acceptable time to wake them up, correct?" Castiel says, and Gabriel grins to see what Castiel's suggesting.

"I like you," Gabriel says, pointing at Castiel before lowering his finger to poke at a spot on Dean's side that makes the hunter squirm before rolling back over with another snore.

Gabriel lights up with delight and finds another spot with an abuse of angelic powers that's typical of him. He drags a finger lightly across the spot and laughs at how Dean twitches.

It takes Gabriel approximately a full minute of light touches before he's given up on restraint and just gives into the temptations of the ten-fingered tickle. Castiel has to smile at how Dean yelps and tries to roll off the bed before Gabriel straddles him with a whoop - he's dropped the magical silence now - and tickles him for all he's got.

Castiel leans back against the headboard with a satisfied smile, and leaves Gabriel to it, resting a hand on Sam's hair. Sam's stirring at the yelps and laughter, but relaxes when he sees that Dean's getting the brunt of it.

"Good morning?" Sam offers.

"Good morning," Castiel says.

Gabriel cackles with glee as Dean hurls the pillow into his face, and Sam and Castiel watch silently as Gabriel lets himself be wrestled back into the bed before a pillow materializes out of thin air and whacks Dean from behind.

Even Sam laughs at Dean's expression, and then it is *on*.

Castiel moves to the far edge of the bed as more pillows begin appearing as a no-holds-barred pillow fight starts, and then to the chair by the window as feathers begin to fly.

He watches the fight for several minutes, and notes how Dean is remarkably good at pillow warfare before he abuses his own angelic powers for the first time this morning: a water balloon sails out of thin air and onto Gabriel's head.

Everything stops for a long, long moment as everyone realizes exactly who threw that. Three heads turn to face Castiel as one.

Castiel smiles placidly at them all and says, "I would be interested in trying waffles this morning for breakfast. Gabriel, I believe you offered to share your triple chocolate chip and blueberry recipe yesterday."

"...exactly how are you the parent in this relationship?" Sam asks, but Gabriel's already dry and bouncing up to kiss Castiel before vanishing into the kitchen that their hotel room hadn't had thirty seconds ago.